Media-Space
1981-1984
Compendium

Book Two
## CONTENTS LIST

### Media-Space Compendium

#### Book one
- Paul Thomas One to Ten
- Alan Vizents 1-10
- Neil Sullivan 1-10
- Judy Chambers
- Alan Vizents Four Parallel Transcriptions
- Paul Thomas Drawing Space
- Alan Vizents; Photo Notes
- Media-Space; audio transcripts
- Media-Space; group photos
- Neil Sullivan; Coincidences
- Paul Thomas; and Alan Vizents Subjective Objective
- Paul Thomas; Near Misses
- Alan Vizents; Action with Chair
- Alan Vizents; August Rooms
- Paul Thomas; Slow Sticks

#### Book two
- Paul Thomas; Quotations, intellections – projections
- Judy Chambers
- Lindsay Parkhill
- Paul Thomas and Alan Vizents; Perth
- Alan Vizents; Beyond the third gate
- Media-Space performance
- Paul Thomas Denial

#### Book three
- Media-Space Redline (ANZART)
- Media-Space Redline documentation

#### Book four
- Paul Thomas Putting it right
- Paul Thomas Tourists life
- Media-Space Redline Audio text
- Anne Graham Mediation performance
- Media-Space Mediation Installation documentation
- Media-Space Mediation Installation
Quotations, Introductions, Projections

A piece of work with cement by Judy and Alan

Paul
Making a contemplation piece, using the space between you and the unobject.

Judy
("I noticed that there are invisible threads between human beings.")

Paul
The point being to go beyond the unobject as a way of relating to things around us.

Judy
("As I walked between the two quarrelling men, I experienced a keen feeling of discomfort, as if I'd broken a cord that was stretched tight between them.")

Paul
In the open spaces the freedom exist the unobject only exist in its own space.

Judy
("...on the ground are printed two footprints and a sign 'you are here'. The person puts his feet on the imprint, and no longer sees the road where he is; when he is beside he is able to see where he could be, but not where he is. There is after all a 'terra incognita', that is beneath our feet.")

Paul
The work is about trying to make the pocket size space so to relate to the void (a new way of saying the same thing?)

In the void there is no thing except your awareness

The work is trying to be the beginning of work not the end

Judy
("'We've come to believe that the imagination is merely a way of telling ourselves lies, of escaping reality.'

...perhaps man's imagination is a more powerful instrument than he ever realised, that perhaps he possesses power that he doesn't know how to use.")

Alan

Statements 1-2-3-4: you have already made these points clear in prior work. Is work about saying the same thing in as many ways possible?

Is work about repeating ourselves in different ways to stay interesting? By interesting I mean repeat ourselves because there is nothing else beyond the space.

It translates look at this look at that look at this look at that look at this look at that.

Each statement is a principle of repetition. It is a way of saying, repeating the same thing in different ways. It is a way of telling the same story. It is a way of telling the same thing in the same way.

I had been a confirmed materialist and atheist since I was fourteen. But now I began to see that the world was a more mysterious place than I'd ever realised.

I began to notice all kinds of curious things, things that most people recognised, but don't really think about.

I felt justified in assuming that there are hidden laws working behind human history, and my old materialism had been an excuse for mental laziness.

What hidden laws? This was a question that baffled me. I'm still not sure that I know the answer, but I think I know a part of it.
Every morning I forget how it is.
I watch the smoke mount
In great strides above the city.
I belong to no one.

Then, I remember my shoes,
How I have to put them on,
How bending over to tie then up
I will look into the earth.

This is a poem (by Charles Simic) about awareness BUT the word never appears in the poem. It is condensed, living, condensed experience.
The man is not an ILLUSTRATOR. He is a transmitter. He transmits his experience, his awareness without ever mentioning a single principle.

Alan

FORM

Every morning I forget how it is.
I watch the smoke mount
In great strides above the city.
I belong to no one.

Then, I remember my shoes,
How I have to put them on,
How bending over to tie them up
I will look into the earth.

This is a poem (by Charles Simic) about awareness BUT the word never appears in the poem. It is condensed, living, condensed experience.
The man is not an ILLUSTRATOR. He is a transmitter. He transmits his experience, his awareness without ever mentioning a single principle.

Alan

FORM

Every morning I forget how it is.
I watch the smoke mount
In great strides above the city.
I belong to no one.

Then, I remember my shoes,
How I have to put them on,
How bending over to tie them up
I will look into the earth.

This is a poem (by Charles Simic) about awareness BUT the word never appears in the poem. It is condensed, living, condensed experience.
The man is not an ILLUSTRATOR. He is a transmitter. He transmits his experience, his awareness without ever mentioning a single principle.

Paul

Continuation

Judy

You can't be 100% sure of being dealt
With a teaching aid, but maybe I do
Something that people relate to in a very basic process.
What?

Judy

The principle of looking at things
In a particular way. 'Vision comes
At you!' (if not looking)
Paul: What is freedom to you? Are you thinking of games, of a situation where you can do anything you want, without being limited by other people or rules?

Judy: Setting up situations with a few props, a slightly different setting, a new time, experience to others through a piece of work.

Paul: Freedom comes from the discipline of attaining something and working through it, being with something and working through it, being with others.

Judy: No, the truth is that we're decadent. This civilization is being suffocated with too much comfort. It is dying of laziness. Nietzsche was right. We are only half alive. And the arts are trying to rescue the best of us from what is happening. Science and logic are all very well, but we have a deep instinct about life. You have to live it by intuition, not by logic, yes, even the literary we're completely healthy. I tell you that human beings as they exist at the moment are a half-measure. You must admit one thing about my works: that they're full of men who aren't satisfied by merely themselves. They want to smash and rage and tear until they've destroyed the worm of triviality that turns the heart into a rotten apple.

Judy: Where the degree and quality of personal expression of the individual is cherished. 'Ego up to here'.

Paul: When I was young I used to go along by the sea. The wind and the sea experience created a person.

Judy: Freedom comes from the discipline of attaining something and working through it, being with something and working through it.
Trying to make sense sense

Now I'm afraid of strong winds
and the sea

I feel it's a very theatrical

more of what you wouldn't know

Like a stage prop

only when I switch it on
and make it work

Using empty space as a tool

and in the end

open doors and the sea

Now I'm afraid of strong winds
and the sea

When I was young I used to
go along the flat beach by
the sea in the strong wind and
explore...experienced

And I'm afraid of strong winds
now I'm afraid of strong winds
and the sea and the sea
... seemed to be a point maybe I wanted to show off.

Alan, throwing in wrenches again.

Jillian, the space between you or, the other you.

I could be setting this person up as an image.

Selling contemplation kits on street corners.

I thought I had get somewhere.

Alan, what is it you start to write down when you pick up a pencil.

Niel, make yourself more capable at ways of going round.

What I was left with were four pieces of space between.

Niel, shouldn't you be more direct about it.

Working on the premise of being more aware.

Niel, what Paul says isn't what Paul says.

Anne, not in the same way as you.

Beginning of the work not the end.

Alan, in terms of my liver I would know if my liver was working properly.

Yes, I see the contradiction there.
media space

43 Malcolm St, West Perth, WA 6005

AIR CARDO

Now that the trees are dense beyond

skyline, we erect large

lichen

upon the deterred
dead

near space!

con up the side road

palm, smooth

lines and space

what the
to the trees,
trees, abstract

tired

traffic

between a site

of other

now that

trees, dense
and soil.

The textured feel of rock and stone.

The intimate confrontation of
knowledge. There is no way of knowing
are beyond the borders of the
smooth, sleek, uncompromising
unless one stops and leverage the

what you're moving over, and why.

to it, if you know how you move.

foremost, these more relevant

for the moment. Monotone. For the

traffic in movement over a

network of平面 to accommodate

other a transit terminal.

through a transit terminal.

drawn or accessed a transit alternative

symmetrical, and now stand

carries. Shrubbery was planned

up along the boundaries of the

grown by trees that have grown

lined with a quadrilateral square.

the border, the circle is con-

of the fronds that now run up

trees remain prominent on the
trees are still the centrum path.

a dirtsway runs up a ridge and

how of the whole. It's a space

the center point, the

form a triangular. The apex of the

symmetry. In plan the path through

a garden. A space of abstract

heaven the barrier; the tactile of

both space and time.

neighbor trees. West, the site

times. A screen of foliage, old

once stood where the road now

marking the site of a house that

do you can see three paths trees

are shallow cuttings. Pieces of

clefts, the road runs through

On the road to Horsham, near
Love to invade Perth

I found this in the Sunday Times of February 28, 1962.

On February 28, 1942, the Perth was sunk in the Sunda Straits.
MEDIA-SPACE
47 MALCOLM ST. WEST PERTH
WESTERN AUSTRALIA, 6005

A. VIZENTS
14·5·82
assistance: J.J., P.T., and the V.A.B.
coming dear yes yes, comusing with irk
i will follow fool wherever your mantle
i will yes yes you with stubbing toes
my wapping steps i will wander
in bleak and dappled spots
corker come, crime for seasons
horticulture horti horti my coming
so sublime so so miserable

neglectful of coming
spiteful of handholding
we will vacuum together hovering
around
bizzing and bizzing
snorkeling the stuffer
coming dear yes yes

going on
the constant readjustment of the psyche
to the difficulty of being.
i lived yesterday i am living today
i collapse in a heap guns blasting at nothing
fire engines going up and down the street
waiting in the parking bay
someone says i look sad when i am happy
that kind of thing
My uncle Harvey wears bath slippers quite often. He calls them 'mugfallers'.
"These are good my boy. They attract the pollen of the streets and lanes. I am constantly fertilizing the community with the foul."

on the eve of no no
the son of no no
made no with no no
he was missing even such
that he slipped sideways

on the son of no no
what you should be doing
is what he is thinking
what you are doing is my fiction
standing around inside the house
warning the cat, who is already
self-conscious
before you finish behind or ahead
you have to find the place
where you started
on the eve of no no missing everything
you thought you had.
my why worker worble
melvin pay for my dry toast
and gargle in his chair
pin-pricking daydream
wherework for lifetime
win and lose in the circus
all time forker work
forker work
my my my
looking funny: help me help me
confable
willy whatat went to ferk
dick-bingling his fellows
all time ladie talk and doin
nothing fork nobody
soon hear voices whist greedy
pineapples thunder past
older werkers lie garbled
at donuts, milo-slippers the lot
in especial holiday homes
MEDIA - SPACE

PAUL THOMAS

14 MAY 1962
19 miles west of Coo, W.A.
11-11-1961 Travelling south-east on the Beawoboba Well Road.

all suburban laneways
their vacant rooms
standing in that
shadow space
and being
watched

the narrow passage bisects the house
begins with a straight run of carpet
past unstable rooms, habitual disarray:
clothespeg floors, pulled drapes, painted brick:
light-tight shell.

waved off
reported
told on

waiting
on the step
newprint walls
baked in sun, company
on vacuum days-countdowns
with phonecords impossibly knotted
a Morris Minor
in reverse

captured
trapped
hidden
stealing

we are
watching
the two
of us
from the corners
of our eyes
an awareness of passing

through something

without realizing the event.
defacing running throwing chasing
both faces secondary roads ending in tracks keeping watch over the dust
the layers of flies in the shade

AXE HANDLE ON THE chain

There is a limit to what can be seen. It often appears as a place u where
one move across the surf with difficulty.

Answers not in the ribs, BREATHING OF THE OUTSIDE

dry wind coming down the passage bumps the globe in to pendulum swipes I can't find it. piss where did I leave it?

THE FIRST GATE

wind picks up quick. Dust moving through now. Where did you drop it? Turn on the light for me. Aroid black smoke, odor from another planet. Throw catch in with a tennis ball. You had better let the bag out or it will be sand flies in another crotchet.

Right there Richard You know you're not the last thing on my mind.
Quit fuckin' around.
You know I've been in and out of here so many times I'm starting to believe in the senselessness of it.

hadn't anything you know that. I like that. The leftovers you know. Not like a scavenger does you bastard. Stop that.

there is a lamp on the left with an orange shade trimmed in gold brocade. Bits of egg shell are stuck to the surface. The floor is locked in chipped lino. You can't have that. You doors opening like a phone in another room ringing and you can't answer it.
midway are unconscious and occur in all senses.

along the bank the boat's path the voyager rises and traces the current pulls the boatman down-stream and begins to cross with a long car later, another standing in a canoe one person waits on the far bank.

The road is playing with my camera always reading from my attempt to reconstruct its advance its passage beneath the car. It changes its appearance, replacing sulks with sand and dry weeds.

came up on itself, thin. The road is a m automobile about to be discarded itself.

fat. The automobile e. The d is a road at cloud projection behind the g a shade e. automobile w across it's at.
WE BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND SOMETHING WITHOUT KNOWING WHY.

You.
I am the ceremony.
I am the past.
I am the past.
I am the past.

This voice.
I passed.
As we are.
Not now.
All others.
Slow sticks

The performance is based on an audio description of space, the sounds will then be marked. The sound describes the void, the marks visualize it, then the process of drawing from it creates an awareness of nothing.

Paul Thomas

AUGUST REV 28

An audio drawing is to be made of the room, two chairs and Ann Graham an exchanging chairs. Drawing tools for the room are a broom, garden rake, mop and a stick; for the chairs and Ann, a wig beater, nail file, sponge roller and bike bell. Five minutes of tape are supposed as finished drawing from a multitrack session...

Process of sound into meaning: the room is awash with mud, water or sand. The sweeping of the room as a container into piles or into dispersion patterns. Sound through the room as interference. The sensation of pressure rising and falling, the amount of information, daily presentation of being in a sea, afloat on an island. A volume of material is being moved, repositioned. (Treading paths in a yard of visual noises.) There is a repetitive and random noise underlyng material stuff. It may be atoms spinning or the ice chunks in the rings of outer colliding. These are brought to the ear faces: holes are ripped, punched, ripped out of the room.

Contemplative arena: we exchange places with ourselves, we define the space we have passed through, exist in now and will retrace in time. We take chances constantly (we collide with ourselves). A piece is torn from this fabric.

Ladies clothes

Female images, how we manipulate our appearance, the movements inbetween being one image to another, transitional stages to a finished product.

Clothes, one stage further on, becoming statements, expressing reactions.

An element of voyeurism.

Anne Graham

Praxis Incorporated

46 SOUTH TERRACE, FREMANTLE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, 6160

Postal address: Post Office Box 536, Fremantle. Telephone: (09) 335 9770
A single featured code to suggest what is to come

A treeless area, unnatural, hot, to be replanted to suit taste

A sandstone wall, suggest a good foundation. Driving past featureless blocks gives the feeling of permancy and solidarity.
18-CL Creating tudor mansions to make one feel that they are part of a history, always looking back

32-N An artist's impression of tudor life in Australia, with large trees
Good looking brick veneer to cover up ugly wood

Natural rain water to keep for long droughts
Plastic flowers in soil

Super six to contain the block and keep out the natural elements
Slab to cover the ground to prevent anything from growing through
Wood chips to make the ground that is left to appear natural
The dummy watches the people attempting to take the lift not being able to point out the stairs.

You are too lazy to climb the stairs to the shop, you would go if there was a lift, but the fake lift is out of order.

You now feel ok to climb the stairs.
A RIPPER!
Rush in for the chance of a lifetime, 3 bed and
dine or 4 beds, lovely gardens. A real gem.

HARD TO BELIEVE
Really spacious 4 brm, 2 bath home in quiet st.
has lock up garage, workshop, carport and loads
of parking room. Ph BARRY RICHARDS to view.

POOL OF DREAMS
Remember how long our hot summers last? You can enjoy your summers
even more in the magnificent sparkling b/g pool & outdoor living area that
adds excitement to this brilliant 3 brm home that has everything going for it.
BARGAIN FOR A BARGAIN
SURPRISES IN STORE.
PICTURE BOOK HOME
ENZY OF THE
NEIGHBOURHOOD
I'M NEARLY THIRTY
CALL OF THE
WILD ENVIRONMENT
ABSOLUTE BARGAIN!!
MINT! MINT! MINT!
STONES THROW
MAKING THE WHOLE STATE TO APPEAR LIKE THE BEACH